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thing that he had been saying in a low but earnest voice; "be it then as you wish. I shall urge you no more on that point. But forget not that while Carlo Zeno lives thou hast ever a true and loving brother; and the state of Venice esteems thy services highly. May she ever remember them gratefully."

And Zeno sighed, for he knew but too well how that fickle republic had often requited the services of her bravest and her best.

"But whither now, Sir William," he continued cheerily, as he watched the English archers busily employed making preparations for their march; "whither mean you to lead these merry fellows of yours?"

"In good faith," said Cheke, with a careless laugh, "I scarce know as yet. But there will be no lack of work for stout soldiers, and I can choose where I shall pitch my tent. At the present, I am minded to join Alberic, the lord of Barbiano. He is the most accomplished soldier of the age."

"His fame as a general has spread over all Europe," said Zeno, "and thou wilt find many a brave knight amongst the 'company of St. George!'"

"Aye, 'tis a school that has reared the best generals of Italy.

"Well, well; good Sir William, thou canst not fail to gain honour wherever thou goest. But who is that yonder who sings so cheerily as he ties up his bow in its sheath? Unless my eyes deceive me, it is my trusty Hodge."

"It is no other, signore, he hath ever the quickest hand and the blithest voice in the company."

"I would see him, Sir William. We have some accounts to settle. Call him hither."

Hodge was soon standing drawn up to his full height before Zeno, and with a military salute awaited his pleasure.

"Good fellow, I owe thee somewhat, and would fain pay thee at once. Here, this purse is thine; take it."

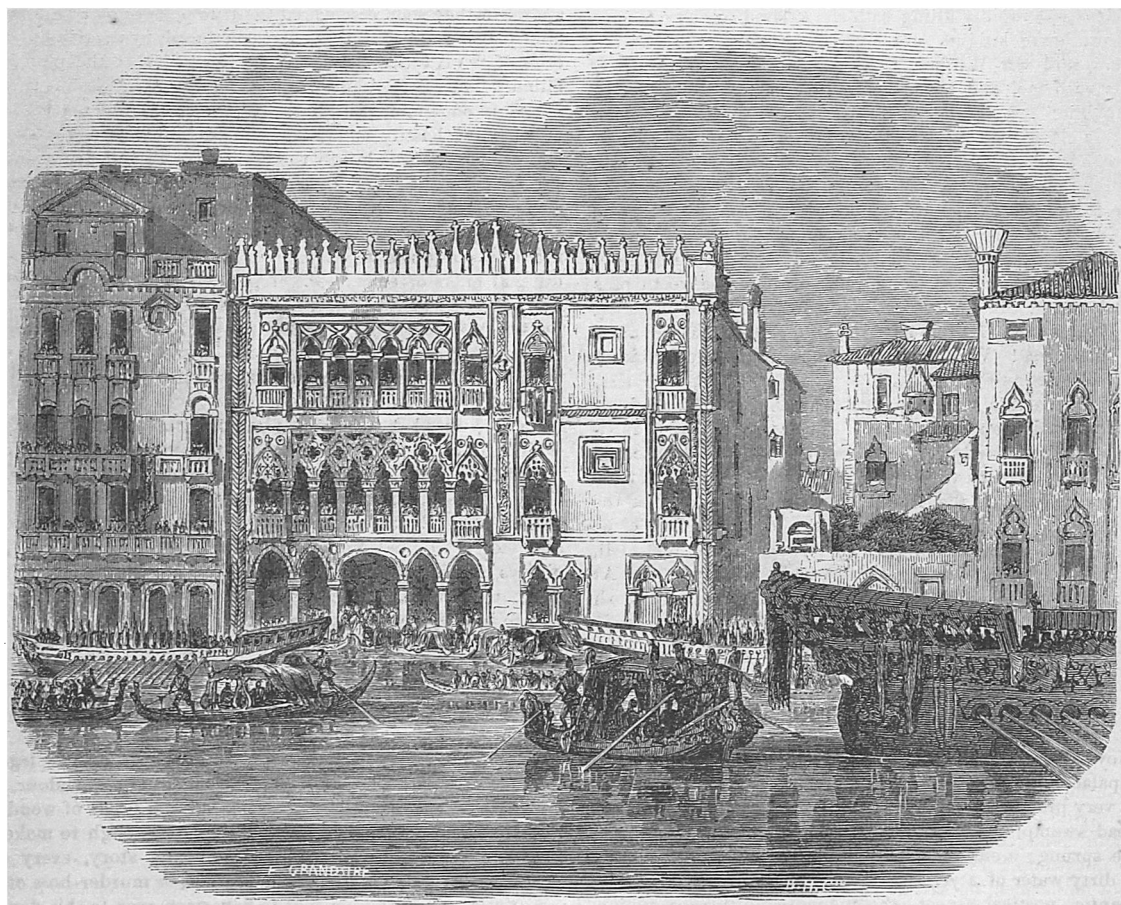
The archer took the heavy purse, frankly and gratefully.

"I thank you, signore; it is enough, and more than enough. It will often furnish me with a jug of brown ale to drink to your health in."

Hodge, then making his military salute, was about to retire, but Zeno reached out his hand cordially to him.

"Nay, we part not, comrade, without one friendly grasp the hand of an English soldier may clasp that of the noblest in Europe."

PALACES OF THE GRAND CANAL AT VENICE



THE PALACE PISANI, ON THE GRAND CANAL AT VENICE.

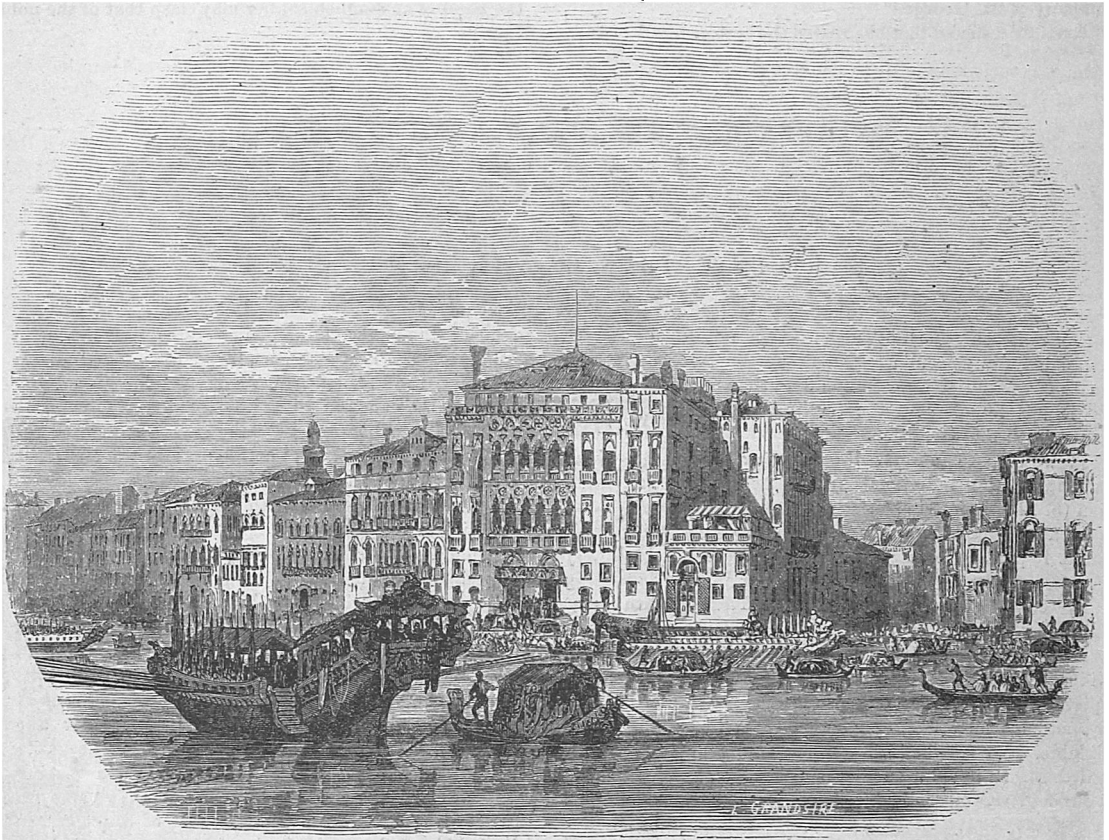
WHEN a traveller arrives at Venice and has only two hours to spend there, the best plan for him to adopt is to devote the first to the Grand Square of St. Mark and the Ducal Palace; and the second, to the Grand Canal and its palaces. One hundred and twenty minutes is but a short visit to the City of the Sea, but it is sufficient to crowd the mind with the marvellous and the poetical, and to give one something to think about for a lifetime. To descend the sea-washed steps of a

stately palace, to enter a sombre-looking gondola, to dash through the single arch of the Rialto, to look upon the church of the Santa Maria della Salute, to gaze right and left on the long array of noble edifices—every mansion fit for a king—to do all this, though it be but for an hour, awakens old memories that have long lain asleep, and imparts thoughts, and feelings, and associations which were never ours before. Floating down the Grand Canal, one cannot help noticing the endless variety

of architecture on either side. Old Arab art contrasts with that of the Renaissance—Gothic windows, marble steps, projecting figures, rows of colossal masks, chimneys of all shapes and sizes, balcony above balcony, cupolas without number—all mingled together in a thousand varied forms, presenting such a picture as Venice only can present.

The engravings which we give represent the old style of Venetian architecture—the Arabic or Saracenic. These palaces have excited the interest and curiosity of every European traveller. The palace Pisani was built at the beginning of the fifteenth century, close by the palace Barbarigo. Within it is preserved the picture, by Paul Veronese, representing "The Family of Darius at the feet of Alexander." The Ca' Dora is a specimen of Grecian and Arabian architecture. The name signifies not Golden House, as some authors assert, but House or Palace of Dora, from Dora, a juriconsult of the twelfth century.

emotion; and the glittering pinnacles and the white arches, that rise up in a confusion of delight, exercise a magical influence over you. The cathedral itself, lifting its gigantic form, with doves nestling among its marble foliage, is unlike anything seen elsewhere. You enter the Rialto, and expect to meet Antonio and Shylock, to see the lordling spit on the Jewish gaberdine, to have re-enacted the old story of the pound of flesh; or, walking through the silent streets, or floating over the silent canals, you look for Priuli's palace—your mind is filled with thoughts of the gentle Desdemona—and you look for the place where Othello addressed the senate. Or the glory of Venice comes back—her merchant-princes once more to stir within her streets—the doge enters the magnificent Bucentaur, covered with gold from prow to stern, and sails out into the Adriatic to wed the sea, to throw the mystical golden ring into the waters, and to say, "We marry thee, O Sea, in token of that true and perpetual dominion which the



THE CA' DORA PALACE, ON THE GRAND CANAL AT VENICE.

Now, there are two ways of regarding these palaces, and all the palaces and sights of Venice. They may be looked upon in a very practical light; and then the city is little better than a dead swamp, out of which towers, and domes, and houses have sprung; a city of raised quays, dirty boats, dirty crews, and dirty water of a yellow-brownish hue. And there is the romantic, poetical aspect—the one more universally adopted. Then Venice appears, like the palaces in old Arabian stories, to have been raised by an enchanter's wand. Everything is wonderful and brilliant, there is a charm over the silent city, every mansion is elegant and noble; and the heart is touched by every golden façade, by the variegated colours of the pavements, by the Asiatic carpets, the splendid costumes, the patrician luxury, the songs, the movement, the life of the city. As you walk the grand square of San Marco, a kind of awe comes over you; those long piazzas of gold and opal, so fantastically sculptured with grapes, and birds, and pomegranates, and lilies, and angel forms, cannot be looked upon without

republic has over thee!" Or some of its darker legends are awakened. Palaces of more than eastern splendour, and prisons of unutterable woe. Maskings and feasts of wondrous hilarity, and deeds of darkness and terror enough to make the boldest tremble; every dungeon has its story, every deep lagoon its buried secret. The Marani, or murder-hole of the Adriatic, is a forbidden spot to fishermen even to this day.

But in spite of all the poetry and romance which clothe the city, as with a poetic vesture, there is a certain class of tourists to whom it is all barren. They talk about its practical appliances, condemn its houses, quays, and bridges, suggest sanitary reforms, declare that the palace of an admiral, a senator, or a doge is not half so good as a respectable hotel; they express great indignation at poets, painters, and guides; protest that the city is not what they expected; vote Beckford and Byron mere writers for effect, who had no business to go meandering over Venice, sighing over its fallen glory, and picturing it as a very Eden, and making quiet people at home

envious of things which had no real existence. For this class of travellers, a Swiss hostelry, an English inn, an American farm-house has a more brilliant appearance, and is liked a great deal better; it is more in harmony with their thoughts and feelings, more consonant to their predilections, being decidedly more comfortable.

These old palaces belong to the past. They are not things to be swept and garnished, and made modern. In their solemnity and silence they are the monuments of the ancient glory of the city, of the art of those who reared their stately piles, of the grandeur of those who dwelt within their walls. Attempts have here and there been made to adapt the antique splendour of the mansions to the usages of modern opulence, and huge has been the failure of the result. Patched, and painted, and "done-up," the grandeur departs for ever, the spell is broken, the charm is gone. Suppose a hardy speculator of that genus, with which our age abounds, should promise to restore the Ca' Dora, the palaces of the Foscari, Contarini, Pisani, Grimani, Manin, Sagredo, Vendramin, and others less illustrious; imagine all these monuments of the old time modified and altered, and re-arranged according to modern notions and the conventionalities of life in the nineteenth century—what would be the result:—"a thing of shreds and patches," a hybrid, neither ancient nor modern, as incongruous and out of place as harlequin's hat on the head of Augustus.

Venice derives no interest from classic association. It has

an antiquity of its own. Of all modern things it is the oldest—of ancient things the youngest born. He who boasted that the grass grew not where his horse had trod, chased the Venetian people into glory and renown. Driven before Alaric to take shelter in the small islands of the Venetian Gulf, they,

"Like the water fowl,

Built their nests among the ocean wave,"

They had to struggle hard, for many difficulties surrounded them; their commerce was opposed by pirates, but they grew with their danger, and Venice bid defiance, not only to the pirate, but also to the mighty son of the mightier Charlemagne. When the hermit from the East preached the crusade, it augmented the wealth, the commerce, and the possessions of Venice, and the maritime importance of the city was felt and recognised. Venice in the fifteenth century was the richest and most magnificent city of Europe; the nobles of the city surpassed the state of the greatest monarch beyond the Alps; and their palaces of Pisani, Ca' Dora, and the rest, are the mementoes of that period. How the city fell at last beneath the power of Napoleon, it is unnecessary here to relate. She

"In an ark

Had floated down, amidst a thousand wrecks
Uninjured, from the Old World to the New."

There are two principal portions of the city, each one made up of several small islands, and each entirely cut off from the other except at the Rialto.

VARIOUS TRIBES OF THE HUMAN RACE.

WE herewith take occasion to present the reader with a few pictorial representations of men;—men not celebrated as individuals for any peculiar virtue or startling vice, but whose claim to our editorial attention, and to the reader's best consideration, is founded on the truthful representation of the races to which they belong.

Need we stop to indicate the races or nations to which the six interesting individuals represented in our first illustration (p. 224) appertain? Perhaps it is scarcely necessary; yet, for fear of accidents, we will do so, beginning with the most important (looking) personage in the united happy family. There he is in the centre of our picture; standing proudly erect, as a celestial should, looking with great complacency on his own figure—but scornful to deign a glance at those around him. A very fitting exposition of the idea John Chinaman entertains of himself is given by our picture. He is a man one would object to buy at his own price; and his long flag-ornamented spear looks sufficiently formidable. Nevertheless, John Chinaman is no great soldier—nay, if the truth be told, he is somewhat of a coward; had he read our own "Hudibras" he could not have entertained notions more discreet about "running away, that he may fight another day." Placed in the centre of our group, amidst so many warlike neighbours, the brother of the moon must be ill at his ease. Immediately on the right (*his* right we mean, not the reader's) is his warlike neighbour, the Japanese, whom we might recognise anywhere by his open vest and petticoats, of which latter we may say more on a future occasion.

Nothing offends a Japanese so much as a comparison between him and the Chinese. "The only time," says Dr. Ainslie, "I ever saw a Japanese forget his usual politeness was on an occasion of this kind. Inadvertently I happened to draw a comparison between him and a Chinese, when he knit his brows, looked sternly at me, and laid his hand upon his sword." Nor is this superiority assumed without justice. The Japanese have ever known how to protect their hearths and homes against all invaders. The last serious attempt on their liberties was made by the grandson of Genghis Khan, who, after a strenuous effort, was utterly defeated.

Squatting at the feet of the Japanese, we have the muck-running Malay. On the extreme left of the picture we have another spear-bearing gentleman, who is an Arab, and behind him a rather spruce-looking Oriental, in high cap and shawl-

pattern dressing-gown. This latter individual is the greatest rogue of the party, and having stated thus much, we need scarcely say he is a Persian. Like the other individuals of our group, the Persian is not a certain individual Persian—he is any Persian you like, kind reader—but being the only Persian in our wood-cut, he is the greatest rogue there.

Of the Persians, we shall merely inform the reader that they are a mixed race; that their native country is known to them by the name of Iran; that they are cruel, treacherous, false, possessing a fine language, and tolerably poetical literature; but their historical records are so completely lost, that all knowledge of their former struggles with classic Greece has vanished. The earliest and most authentic account of the manners and customs of the Persians is to be found in Herodotus.*

We must now bid adieu to the native of Japan, and devote a few words to his pictorial—nay, almost his geographical neighbour, the Malay. It is rather a curious circumstance that naturalists are at a loss to account for, or classify, the Malay. If we are to believe in the historical records of that people, the Malays originally came from the district of Palembang, in the interior of Sumatra, and distributed themselves, about the end of the twelfth century, over various littoral regions of neighbouring lands. Connected with this history, it may be mentioned as not a little singular that the centre of Sumatra has a Malay population to this day, and is the only inland spot thus circumstanced. The Malays have always been bold, resolute mariners, and in all their wanderings have never penetrated far inland. They are an impetuous, daring race, prone to anger, sullen and implacable. Their revenge knows no bounds, their dissimulation is equal to their revenge. A Malay, once offended, is implacable. He may appear to forgive, but only awaits a favourable occasion. So soon as this occasion presents itself, he maddens his intellects by a dose of opium, and breaking loose, with creese or crooked dagger in hand, stabs all who oppose his progress—calling out all the time, "*amok, amok*," which means, "kill, kill." In every mental characteristic, the Malay is the very antipodes of the Hindoo. Until 1276, the Malays were pagans, or adopted some form of Hindoo

* For a translation of this part of Herodotus, see the HISTORICAL EDUCATOR, Vol. I., pp. 151–7.